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Enclosed is 10c.	Include your famous Fight Secrets	
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MYSTERIES OF UNEXPLORED WORLDS Volume 1, Number 5
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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
CODE

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I was only a boy when it happened, het the accursed memory seared deeply into My Brain! I pledged My whole existence toward one end.- to...

FOR REUNION



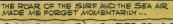






I HAD GASPED WHEN I HEARD OF THE GREEN PEOPLE, BUT TO ALL MY QUESTIONS ...























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STATE

I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT! IT WAS WEEKS LATER WHEN I RE-GAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN MY GRAND-PARENTS! HOUSE ...

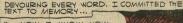




MY THIRST FOR CLUES GREW AS I MATURED! I SOUGHT THE CLUE TO THE GREEN PEOPLE IN EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE ...









MY MIND MADE UP , I WAITED FOR THE PRECISE TIME, AND THEN ...









WE'RE HAPPY IN OUR OWN WORLD, SON, IT'S A VERY PLEASANT LIFE AND WE NEVER GROW OLD!

YES, THAT'S WHY
WE'VE COME
BACK ... TO TAKE
YOU WITH US;
THAT WOULD COMPLETE OUR HAPPINESS; WE'VE
MISSED YOU,



HAL TORN BETWEEN A MYSTERIOUS NEW WORLD WITH HIS PARENTS AND HIS DESIRE TO REMAIN ON EARTH , STANDS UNDECIDED



SMITHEY WERE A QUIET, CLOSE KNIT FAMILY, FULL OF LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER, AND ALWAYS SMITHER DISTRIBUTED ONE DAY, BEFORE THEIR STARTLEDS, WHERE A SPLITSECOND AGO THERE HAD BEEN ONLY EMPTY AIR ... THERE WAS NOW A ...











SO NOW THE FAMILY LEARNED DISCIPLINE! AS THE DAYS PASSED. THEY KEPT SMILING... BUILT THEIR SMILES WERE STRAINED NOW -- AND THEIR EYES WERE TROUBLED...















BUT THEN, WITH THE SAME STARTLING SUD-DENNESS THAT HAD MARKED HIS APPEAR-ANCE, HE VANISHED...







THE MIRAGE

WITH THE SIRENS WAILING LIKE MADDENED BANSHEES, AND THE SEARCHLIGHT SCOOPING WHITE FUNNELS OUT OF THE DARKNESS, THREAT-EVILING EVERY MOMENT TO PINPOINT HIM, THE MAN RAN TOWARD THE HIGH PRISON WALL...





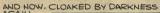
WHEN HE REACHED THE TOP, ALL HE COULD DO WAS LIE THERE QUIETY, HIS MOUTH SAGGING, GASPING LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER ...















HE SMILED CRUELLY AS HE JOGGED THROUGH
THE NIGHT! HE HAD JUST DONE WHAT NO MAN
HAD EVER DONE BEFORE! HE HAD BROKEN
OUT OF THE GRIM PILE OF STONES THAT WAS
A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON ON THE EDGE
OF THE DESERT.





... BUT I'M DIFFERENT! I
PULLED A FIRST BY
BREAKING OUT TONIGHT -- AND I'LL PULL
ANOTHER FIRST BY
CROSSING YOU
NOW!



THE STARS IN THE CURVING SKY SEEMED TO STARE UNBLINKINGLY. THE ONLY SOUND THAT COULD BE HEARD WAS THE HISS OF SAND UNDERFOOT AS THE MAN CONFIDENTLY STARTED HIS LONG IN TEK...



HE HAD CONCENTRATED TABLETS THAT HE HAD STOLEN FROM THE PRISON DISPENSARY / WATER ? HE HAD A SINGLE CANTEEN HE WAS CERTAIN THAT...











ANOTHER MAN WOULD HAVE TURNED BACK AT THAT MO-MENT -- BUT NOT THIS ONE ! HE WAS DIFFERENT ...

I'LL MAKE IT... I'LL MAKE
IT... AND WHEN I DO.
A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE
GOING TO BE SORRY.











NO OTHER MAN WOULD'VE HAD THE WILLPOWER TO TURN AWAY, HE WAS DIFFERENT...

HAVE TO KEEP GOING... HAVE TO MAKE ALL OF THEM PAY... MAKE 'EM SUFFER... LIKE I'M SUFFERING!





AND THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE THE DESERT KNEW ... THEY ALMOYS THE THEY ALWAYS TURN
AWAY, OUR DESERT

SHANGRI-LA IS SHELTERED
BY AN IMPENETRABLE WALL
BUILT BY MODERN MAN'S
DISBELIEF IN THE POSSIBILITY
OF A PARADISE ANYWHERE ON
EARTH, IF ONLY ONE OF THEM
WOULD COME TO US, BUT
THEY ALL TURN AWAY... THEY
ARE ALL THE SAME THE STRANGER AWAY 6

"I admire all you Americans greatly," admirted Colonel Juan Lopez. "You never take "no" for an answerl If I refused your request, you would return tomorrow and start all over again. Then the next day, and the next day. Your persistent requests would finally wear me down. It is difficult enough to withstand the heat of our tropical sun, but the combination of the sun and two determined Americans is too much for me. They say I am a wise man. This I will not question but try to live up to it. So I grant to you, John Shay, and to you, Robert Hart, permission to go into the jungle and try to find the Auca Indians."

"Many thanks," interrupted John Shay, with a big smile on his face. "We certainly will be able to get a feature article for our magazine. Before we ask questions, is there anything you

want to know from us?"

"Yes," replied the commander of the last outpost on the ridge of the Ecuadorian jungles. "Here I have before me two young men. You, John Shay are what they call the story man. Your magazine, NEWS, wants you to do a feature article. Five men go up in a light plane. They vanish. The plane is later found burned and stripped of all valuables. It is said the Auca Indians killed these men. Your magazine sends you down here with almost unlimited funds to get the story. You, Robert Hart, are what they call the picture man. With your little camera you plan to get pictures of these sayages. They are said to be of the Stone Age. So pictures and story go into the magazine called NEWS."

"You have the idea," smiled Robert Hart.
"Anything else you want to know?"

The military commander looked out of the window of his quarters for a few minutes before answering. He knew the dramatic effect of what he was going to say would be high.

"Never has anyone gone into the jungle territory of the Aucas and returned alive," he continued. "Why should you two be any exceptions?"

The two Americans had sort of anticipated such a statement, and John Shay was ready with his answer.

"They say there is always a first time. This will be the first time that two men returned alive. Now may we ask some questions?"

"With pleasure," said Colonel Juan Lopez.
"What is really known about the Aucas?"
asked Robert Hart.

"Auca is a Quechua word meaning infidel. The real name of these people is Aushiri. It is inaccurate to call them Stone Age people. They have had contact with the whites since the seventeenth century, and know something about firearms and machetes. They wish to live their own lives in their own way. Why? Because from father to son has been handed down the terrible tale of the time the slave hunters went after them, captured them, and sold them to the planters. Diseases, introduced by the Europeans, such as smallpox, helped to decimate the tribes. Believe me, my government wishes to do all in its power to convince these natives that we want to help them. Someday we hope, something will make them come to us. Then the problem will be solved."

The two Americans left with an interpreter provided for them. Pedro Valon spoke English, French, Spanish, Portugese, and the various native dialects. It was his job to help the two Americans reach their destination. They walked to the banks of the Nushino River.

"You will need boats," began Pedro Valon.
"The Yumbo Indians will build two large balsa
rafts. In the daytime we will go with the river.
In the nighttime we will camp on the banks of
the river. One dozen Yumbo Indians will go with
us. We will be armed with revolvers and machine auns."

"What weapons do the Aucas use?" asked

Robert Hart.

"Only one weapon," explained Pedro Valon.
"A razor sharp Chonta wood lance which is about three yards in length. Each is decorated with bright feathers and tapers into saw-toothed points designed to inflict gaping wounds. They will try to ambush us. We must always be on our guard."

Three days later the rafts were ready. Colonel Juan Lopez came down to the water's edge

to bid them farewell.

"The Aucas will know you are on the way. So the best of luck to all of you."

The rafts went with the tide. Each raft was guided by a Yumbo Indian who held a long wooden pole in both hands. At sundown the rafts were pulled up to the shores.

"We might as well make fires," advised Pedro Valon, "and eat warm food. Do not worry about the possibility of the fires giving away our positions. We are being watched wery minute."

Three armed Yumbo Indians would stand

guard for three hour intervals while the rest slept. Then in the morning the journey would again be resumed. The pitiless heat did not seem to affect the Indians.

"Worse than the inside of a furnace," com-

plained Robert Hart.

"Some day a genius will invent an air conditioning system for jungles. Then he will make a mint of money."

At the end of a week's travel, Pedro Valon explained the situation to the two Americans.

"In four more days we will come to the territory of the Aucas. From then on you are on what you Americans call, 'Your own,' We shall wait for you for a period of ten days. If you do not return we can safely assume the end came for you."

"Cheerful fellow," said John Shay. "Who knows? We might have to save you fellows

yet."

When he spoke those words they were in jest. He hadn't the slightest idea that forty-eight hours later it would be true. The river was narrowing. Increased tension could be noticed among the Yumbo Indians. Suddenly the two rafts, sticking close together, were blocked by a huge half-sunken log in a narrow river bend. Tago, one of the Yumbo Indians realized the trap.

"Aucas!" he shouted. "We are in danger!"
The log was a deliberate barrier planted
there to slow down the rafts. The purpose was
to force the men closer to the shore. There the
Aucas were waiting with their lances ready
to attack.

"We are in about two feet of water," said Pedro Valon. "Let us get off the rafts. Keep as submerged as possible. We can fire our guns and use the rafts as protection."

Everyone went overboard and just in time as a hail of lances struck the rafts. Robert Hart took pictures while the others fired their towards towards the shore. After two hours of fighting, one thing became apparent. The strategy of the Aucas was simple and effective. They were inducing the men to use up their bullets. Then when the weapons would be useless, they were ready to attack in masses.

"Let's get the rafts back into high water," suggested John Shay. "We are outnumbered."

Indians and in a hour the rafts were back tracking their way home. Hundreds of Aucas lined the banks and began heading for the rafts. The situation was tense.

"Now?" asked John Shay.
"Now," replied Robert Hart.

The American opened a small water proof chest and took from it several red sticks. The Indians sensed at once what he was going to do. They laid flat on the rafts as the two Americans lit and hurled several sticks of dynamite into the dir. The explosives hit the water just before the shore. There was a terrific din and a column of thick smoke arose into the air. Frightened, the Aucas droped their lances and ran for their lives.

The two rafts headed for the shore. Lances were stacked along the river edge. The men took these lances and carried them to the rafts. Pedro Valon approved this task.

"If an Auca loses his lance he is in disgrace until he recovers it. Wonder how they will react to this situation?"

The small expedition returned to their starting point. The Colonel was happy that all had returned without a single loss of life.

"You have good pictures and an interesting story," he consoled the two Americans. "So you can't very well complain if you didn't get to visit them personally in the jungle."

Two days later, Pedro Valon visited the two Americans and told them the news.

"It is impossible but it happened. There is an Auca delegation here. They have returned the five men in the plane whom they were holding, captive. In exchange they want back their lances, and something else. They want those sticks that you threw up into the air and made fish come out of the water. The waters are full of fish. If you give them some of these sticks you can visit them. The Colonel says please do this. It will enable his government finally to make the needed contact with them."

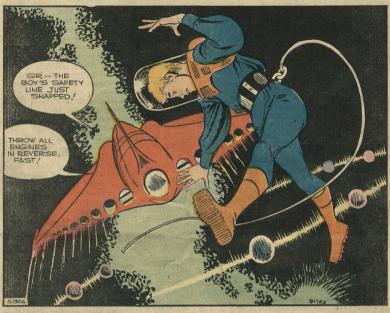
And that is how the best photo-story of the year was written about the Aucas. Robert

Hart had his own comment to make.

"My dad was a miner back in Pennsylvania. Sometimes they would go fishing by blasting the waters. They did that also in the South Pacific. And now the Aucas do it."



STOWAWAY





IF YOU'D EVER KNOWN HOW TRAVELLING UP AMONG THE STARS CHAKGED MEN, YOU'D NEVER HAVE ACHED TO BE A SPACE PILOT - NEVER ...













WHEN YOU AND THE SKIPPER WERE FACE TO FACE, A LONG MOMENT PASSED WITHOUT A WORD, A MOMENT DURING WHICH YOU SAW MORE HARD-NESS IN A MAN'S FACE THAN YOU HAD EVER DREAMED POSSIBLE! THEN...





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NAME.

AND SO NOW, YOU WERE AMONG THE STARS - BUT WHERE WAS THE FUN ? NOBODY SPOKE TO YOU EXCEPT TO SAY...











WELL,













PANIC BLINDS YOU ... PANIC PREVENTS YOU FROM SEE ING THE FIGURE REACHING

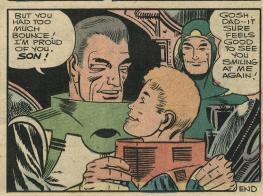












WHAT HAPPENS AT A HUNDRED THOUSAND FEET WHEN SPEED IS MEASURED IN HUNDREDS OF MILES A SECOND? IT WAS CAPTAIN AL GIBBONS' JOB TO FIND OUT! THE STUBBY, POWER-PACKED ROCKET WAS LAUNCHED AND THE AIR FORCE PLOT PUNCHED THE FIRING BUTTONS... ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR! AL'S BODY WAS FLATTENED IN HIS SEAT AND HIS MIND WENT BLANK! HE SAW VISIONS!

a DREAMER'S WORLD



THE REPORT READ FINE UP UNTIL THE LAUNCHING FROM THE MOTHER SHIP AT FIFTY THOUSAND FEET, THEN ...



HERE I GO! I'LL GET TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS OF THRUS EACH TIME I HIT ONE OF THOSE BUTTONS!

HE REPORTED EIGHT HUN-DRED MILES AN HOUR ON THE FIRST ROCKET...

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED ON THE SECOND THRUST! HE WAS CLIMBING STRAIGHT



AND TWENTY-NINE HUNDRED ON NUMBER THREE! HE REPORTS THE SYMPTOMS OF OXYGEN STARVATION AT THAT SPEED...



AT THIS POINT, HIS REPORT BECOMES



FROM THEN ON, IT'S ALL DELUSION: OXYGEN STARVATION CAUSED IT, NO DOUBT ...



HE INSISTS HE CLIMBED OUT OF THE PLANE AND WALKED OVER TO THESE VISIONS! I REMINIDED HIM OF THE PLANE'S ALTITUDE AND SPEED BUT HE SAYS THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT...













MORE RECENTLY WE HAD SEVERAL MORE WORLD CONQUERORS' FORCED ON US! THEY ARE DESPISED HERE TOO!

CAPTAIN GIBBONS
DESCRIBES
HIS DELISIONS
IN SOME DETAIL.
THIS DREAM
WORLD OF HIS
HAD SOME FORM
OF GOVERNMENT
TOO! THEY HAD
A SORT OF
CITIZENISHIP
RITE THAT
MADE THEIR
ADMISSION
TO THAT
WORLD

OFFICIAL ...













HIS REPORT SAYS THAT THE ROCKET CUT-OFF WAS JAMMED! HE USED ALL HIS STRENGTH TO FREE THE LEVER...









CAPTAIN GIBBONS USED THE PARABRAKE AND LANDED THE ROCKET SHIP INTACT!
HE BECAME ALMOST VIOLENT WHEN I HELD HIM HERE WHILE HE DICTATED THIS REPORT!





MEANWHILE, IN A CAB NEAR THE LABORATORIES AT THE COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY...





THAT... AIR... FEELS GOOD!
CAPTAIN, DID... WE
GET AWAY?

AND WHILE CAPTAIN GIBBONS HELD HIS FLESH AND BLOOD 'DREAM' GIRL THE FLIGHT SURGEON MADE HIS REPORT!





A FEW CAREFULLY CHOSEN ATOMS COULD DRIVE THE LUXURY LINER, QUEEN MARY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND BACK AGAIN!



COLONIES ON THE MOON, MARS, JUPITER OR VENUS COULD BE REACHED ON REGULAR SCHEDULE BY ATOM-DRIVEN ROCKETS!



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